

Once in a great wide strip of time, we'll get a letter that just glimmers with drama. Something which fairly radiates above the dull white mail pile. There's a certain GLEAM in the ragged, unhinged penmanship. An easy, offhanded brutality to the writing. An unpremeditated preoccupation with forbidden subject matter. Maybe they'll send pictures. Or ass hairs. Or things which are better left unmentioned. We know we've made a friend.

Most of the prisoners who write to us turn out to be leeches who want free magazines. Free stamps. Free money. They get nothing. I usually make an exception, however, when the mail comes from Death Row. The guys on the Row have made the crucial distinction between neurosis and psychosis, falling safely on the psychotic side. They are practitioners, not theorists. They get free magazines.

"Dear dead ANSWER Me!" read Rob's first letter to us, sent in January, 1994, "I am a 29-year-old convicted murderer here in Pittsburgh's Maximum Security Hell! Being on Death Row, I don't get to talk to too many people about my fascination for snuffing people for fun!" Rob got a free copy of our third issue.

And he sent eight more letters, each of them escalating in severity. Pitching himself as an ANSWER Me! writer, he also began sending us unsolicited poems of sexual insanity. And highly rancid ink drawings of rape scenarios in which the attacker's face was always obscured.

In wide, loopy handwriting which slanted to the left, Rob made no secret of the fact that he hated women. Every drop of ink on every page he wrote was a sour, poisonous indictment of cunthood. It was truly eyeball-blasting prose which glistened with loathing. There was a pungency to his misogyny unlike any I had ever smelled. A rank, weevily tenor to his hatred. A gaminess. An unblinking harshness. Brutish. Ugly. Crude. Vulgar. Unpolished. Rob also exuded the mommy-hatred which I prize so highly. There was a psychosexual malice in his letters and poetry which made me wonder if rape had been a part of his crimes. So I wrote and asked him.

Rob fired a letter back quickly. He told me he had raped six women and that "each time it got a little more violent!" His final two rapes, which included one murder, were barbarous enough to earn him the death penalty. He seemed to fit the classic rapist's profile. All the elements were there, in near-stereotypical abundance: an unloving, backwoods, po'-white existence. Rob lost his virginity to his mother. His father fucked his sister. And as he got older, he learned that he liked to control his girlfriends. It turned from mind games to violence, from violence to murder.

I liked Rob because he was White Trash Like Me, a shanty baby from Western Pennsylvania, the other side of my home state. He had a raw, ugly, non-mediagenic quality. A homeliness. An inelegance.

I pictured a common—VERY common—Joe. A giant, stretch-lipped grin with broken teeth.

A bruiser. Sweat and shit. Bathtub speed, biker skanks, manual labor, and dirty, white-boy armpits.

There was no way out for Rob.

His shattered family predetermined his hopeless life. He didn't give a fuck about the world, and the world returned the favor.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROB STEELE

THE UNSETTLING STORY OF
ROB STEELE,
JUST AN AVERAGE CRIMINAL
FROM PENNSYLVANIA

I WANNA BE
A RAPIST

He was a fist-fucker of society. A man removed from the entire social swamp. He could only comment about the world, never belong to it.

And somewhere in his frustrated young life, he had lost the distinction between sex and violence. Rob was someone who had tasted it. And who liked what he tasted and wanted to kill more. But now that he was locked up and no longer able to do it, he liked to think about it and write about it and draw it. He approached his "art" with the same lupine zeal that he had committed his crimes.

To my mind, Rob seemed born with the gift of detachment, the rare ability to scrutinize his own sickness. He loved to write about what he'd done, and he'd dwell on the small, excruciating details. He seemed as if he had never really unloaded on anyone about his crimes, and I got the feeling that we were going to be the first. He had an enthusiasm. An eagerness. He wanted to talk. He was a friggin' blabbermouth. The stuff of which ANSWER Me! interviewees are made.

I wrote him again and asked if he'd like to do an interview. I even offered to pay him our piddling contributor's fee of fifty bucks for his drawings. He jet-propelled his affirmative answer back to me: "I'll do my best to enlighten the readers of your mag on the pleasures of forceful fucking!" He also solicited our renowned skills at matchmaking: "If you come across any ladies out there who feel the way I do, have them sling me some ink....Give my best to Deb!!"

Rob answered my questions in a nine-page handwritten letter. If I had asked him a thousand questions, I think he would have answered them all. In the interest of journalistic integrity, I've carefully preserved all of Rob's multitudinous **TYPOS** in their original form. Although he was no grammarian, he wrote with undeniable passion. We were going to use his real name, but we chose to give him a pseudonym. Later you'll find out why.

What comes to mind when you hear the word "women?"

Sex and violence come to my mind when I hear the word women!

Women always act like just because they have a cunt, they can control men and manipulate!

Tell me about your home life as a kid, focusing on events which you think may have contributed to your later "criminal" acts. If you grew up with both parents, tell me about both.

I grew up in Beaver County [PA], Raccoon Township to be specific, city people refer to it as the Boonies, my father was an alcoholic, always



drinking and beating on my mother. I have one sister who is 4 years older than me. I am 29. My father was really into sex. I can remember standing at my parents' bedroom door, watching them fuck, then he began taking an interest in my sister. By the time she was 15 he was fucking her! I always hated my mother because she knew, and never stopped him, if she said anything he would beat her! As a kid, dad would let me watch porno movies, always S-M bondage type. I remember that I began to get excited from them. He died when I was 15, the same year my sister married out and my mother began to molest me, little things at first like having me lie in bed beside her while she fingered herself, it eventually led to oral sex then to me whipping her with a belt, then to me fucking her! This went on for two years until at 17 I left home and I haven't been back yet!

First sexual experience? First girlfriend? First time you fused sex with violence?

My first sexual experience was with my mother at age 15, my first real girlfriend was a girl I met when I was 17, and a runaway. That was also my first angry, violent sexual experience, I tied her to the bed and every time she said stop I slapped her, when I got bored with hitting her I untied her, she stayed with me for a year and she began loving me beating her!! She was wild!

What don't people understand about you? What's wrong with people in general? More specifically, what don't women understand about you?

People don't understand that I am a really pissed-off person, some people can sit with their anger and rage. I have to take it out on someone, people don't see that [the] world is fucked-up and I do what I want!

Women? They don't understand me at all, before I came to prison I was a wild guy, always on the edge, women always look at me and say, he's too wild-looking. Or he has tattoos, he's dangerous. Women would always say, Rob, you should settle down, they couldn't see that I love the wild, dangerous, on-the-edge life!

Do you consider yourself angry? Unhappy? If so, and if you think these are chronic problems, what would it take to rid yourself of these feelings?

I consider myself a very angry person, anger has always been my best friend, I don't think it is a curable problem, the only way to control it is to act it out on someone, counselors are full of shit, rage can't be cured, in some people it can be eased or controlled, but not me!

Tell me about the first time you raped someone—not just the specifics, but also

ROB'S POETRY

Women Haters!

Yea, that is what they call us who have raped and killed. They are so blind I don't hate them, I love them. I love them when they Beg! I love them when they Cry! I love them when they Bleed! And I love them when they die! Society doesn't understand me and I don't expect them too! I see these little cunts walking around in these come fuck me jeans, skirts and tops, and everyman who sees them says to himself, man I would love to fuck her! that's the difference between them and me. I don't say anything, I wait for the night time and take her! What good is a fantasy, if you are afraid to live it? no, I don't hate them I love them.

Rage

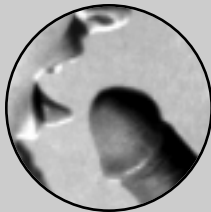
I feel it mostly when I first wake up, the sound of heavy keys, doors made of steel being slammed shut, then the voices Begin, Mr Steele it's shower time, Mr Steele it's chow time, they stand at my cell, smiling, their shit eating grins, feeding my hatred. How I so much want to Kill them, to torture them slowly, the same way I am being Killed in this cage, they are afraid of me, they always Come in pairs of 2, I see the fear in their faces, they know I would rip their fucking eyeballs out if I had the chance, ... now I feel the rage Beginning to Build up, suddenly my hands Begin to shake, my fist clench so tight my Knuckles turn white, I can taste their Blood in my mouth, feel their guts in my hands, ah yes this is the shit I wake up to Everyday, good morning rage!!!

Untitled 1-5

To kill, you must hate for me it's no problem, I hate, my body gives off violence like shit stinks. I love killing, it feeds my mind I wish I could kill all the mind-fucked lames out there, they locked me up just at the time that I was Beginning to experience the ecstasy of Killing, I was on my way to being the next Superman, and shopping malls were looking really good! mother fuckers, die. spit, spit, spit, goes my mac 10, these people won't shop anymore! no one gets out alive, toys R us, fuck you, die. now I sit in this cell, Building up hatred and rage. they will never let me out, I am the one they fear, But not to worry, someone will take over where I left off!

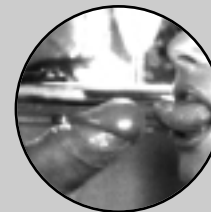
I remember how mommy used to do the things she did to me. using clothes pins, and sometimes razors, how I would try and scream the Bitch deserves what she got I could of, ya know

I still see her face, contorted in pain as I sliced little tiny strips of flesh from her tits the Blood didn't Bother me, it was fun to paint on the walls with. Even did a nice portrait of mom, fucking whore! I made her pay, shoved a Baseball Bat up her ass, she looked so good I had to fuck her! But first I poked at her eyes with needles! die Bitch die after I had fun with her, I did it! She should never have used those toys the way she did Now mommy's dead and I can play like I always wanted!



It happened today they Buried her, after so many days of me sneaking in to see her, to taste her and to fuck her. I miss her so much, sure there will Be another one pretty soon. My father will dress her up real nice so her family can look at her in the casket, one last time, But when daddy leaves, I will sneak in the back and play with her. cool how it makes me hard to lick her dead face, she's so good-looking too. Bad father left the stitches so big up her body. I think he comes here to see her too, one day I came to visit she was all wet, um, I feel her cunt, I need her to love me, I see she's not the same as the last one. it's too bad they buried her today!

Last night I dreamed about her you know, the last one I did it to She was so afraid, I loved it I watched the little tears roll down her face, so helpless tied to the bed she knew I would use the knife the way she sobbed as I gently ran the shiny blade over her skin she begged to me, not to hurt her that did it slice a nice cut across the left tit blood is so bright-looking she's really hurting now, I best fuck her before I git carried away soon she will git to feel all of my rage everything that has ever pissed me off will be given to her. my knife will become my cock and I will fuck her to death. ha!



The act of raping is very powerful because you are taking something by force. sex for me isn't even the least bit exciting unless I am making her feel pain,

unless she shows me she is hurting I have no interest, she becomes the outlet for my rage and hatred.

and I sho her no mercy. feel it, Bitch, feel the hurt Experience my hate. at first it was just giving a little pain. But soon the need got greater, sometimes I don't even feel like fucking her.

the pleasure comes from seeing her twitch and struggle, to beg for her life, while just hours before she would have looked at me and said fuck off! now I'm in control, it's my game. I make the rules. and when the game is over you die!!

what was going on inside your head.

The first time I raped someone I was 18 years old, I was at a swimming party at a friend's house, I saw this sexy girl. But when I asked her if she wanted to go for a walk, she said hell no, then I heard her tell some girl I was really ugly and she wouldn't touch me for anything. I remember getting pissed and wanting to punch her, but I spiked her drink, and when she began to get fucked-up, I persuaded her to go for a walk, when I tried to kiss her she said no, so I slapped her, she said she was going back so I grabbed her and put a knife to her throat, I remember feeling so powerfull, here was the girl who said I was ugly.

Begging me not to hurt her. I made her blow me, then I fucked her in the ass!

Tell me about the subsequent rapes—spare no gruesome detail, PLEASE—and tell me why you think it got more violent each time. Focus on the victims' reactions, and also on how you reacted to their reactions. Was it better for you if they struggled?

After that, every women I saw I wanted to rape them, the second thru fourth rapes were basically the same as the first, me seeing a girl at a party, then persuading her to leave, when she resisted, I would force her to go and rape her! I loved to see them cry and beg, when they showed fear I got more excited, and to git more fear from them I began to hurt them, burning their nipples with cigarettes, slapping them, anything to git more fear from them, my 4th rape, I cut the girl's tit with a knife, when I saw her blood I got even more excited, rubbed my cock with blood then made her blow me! I like them to struggle, the more the better. The 5th women I raped struggled really hard, so I beat her really bad until she begged me to stop, then I fucked her in the ass, I had the knife in my hand and as I fucked her, I got really pissed off, because she was crying and making a lot of noise, so just before I came, I stabbed her in the back, she screamed and I slit her throat, then I left her! When I got back to my place, I masturbated while I pictured her screaming, bleeding and dying, the next day a friend told me I was being looked for in connection of a rape/murder, that night I followed a 28-year-old lady to her apartment and forced my way inside, where I tied her to the bed and fucked her repeatedly, and then stabbed her 26 times!

This may sound naive, but there's an old cliché, "You can't thread a moving needle." How did you get them to sit still in order to complete the act? Were they wet? Was it better for you if they were dry? Did any of them give you an indication that they enjoyed it?

To get them to sit still, or stop struggling, all it took was some pain, a pinch, slap, or cut, then

they did as I said. None of the girls I raped gave a indication that they enjoyed it! It didn't matter to me if they were wet or dry—only that they showed fear!

Do you think some women ask to be raped? Do you think some of them enjoy it? Do you think some of them fantasize about it?

Yes, I feel some women asked to be raped, they walk around with short-shorts, flashing there cunts and then tell guys to fuck off! Yea, they ask for it!

I know some do fantasize and enjoy being raped! I write to 2 women now who have fantasies of being raped by force, I think there are a lot more out there who would like it!

When, where, and how did you get busted for the "crimes" which sent you to the Row? Was there media hype involved? What specifically were the charges, and how was the trial? Were any family members there to support you?

I was arrested in 1988 for 2 counts each of murder and rape, one count of robbery, they busted me in South Carolina for a robbery and thru N.C.I.C., they found I was wanted in PA for murder/rape! Of course, PA extradited me, and the whole jail process began! The media really didn't make a big thing of it, I was in the papers twice, the trial was an anonymous decision, based on DNA tests, it was basically cut and dried, PA tries to cover up any real crimes here as far as the media goes, they are afraid it will give them a bad rep.

No family members were there, my sister wanted to come to the trial, but I told her not too, I didn't want her being hounded by press!

What are your experiences concerning rape in prison?

I really haven't had problems here in prison, rape is considered OK among convicts the only ones hated are the child-molesters, there are a lot of people here for rape so it's pretty much accepted, as for rapes that occur here in the prison, yea it happens. I'm locked up twenty-three hours a day, so I don't see much!

Describe as best you can "the pleasures of forceful fucking." Why is it better than fucking with consent? Did your pleasure increase with the victim's displeasure?

The pleasures I got from raping is hard to describe. I got pleasure because, I was in control, it's all about control, it's more a powerful feeling, it's better than consenting fucking because, if ya want to fuck her in the ass, ya do it she doesn't or can't say no, you can do all those kinky things you couldn't usually do!

The more they hurt, the better!

Any remorse? Why or why not?

The only remorse I have is I am in prison and will probably be killed by the fucked up death penalty laws! That's the only remorse I have, as for the victims, I only wish there were more!!!

Tell me how the first week would go if you got out of prison tomorrow.

What would I do if I got out of prison tomorrow? 3 things, 1) get stoned and drunk, 2.) Buy a gun or knife! 3.) go on a raping spree that would terrorize PA.!!!

Like I had said, Rob seemed to be the classic rapist. In fact, his answers were a little too stereotypical for our comfort. So Debbie called the state prison in Pittsburgh where he was being held just to verify that Rob was who he said he was.

He wasn't. Instead of waiting to be executed for a savage rape-slaying, Rob was almost finished with a thirty-month sentence for robbery. I wrote back to Rob and asked what

was up. "I don't know where your info came from, but someone's pulling your dick," was his response. He seemed especially concerned about getting his measly fifty bucks. Yeah, someone was pulling my dick. Rob had pulled it all the way to Pittsburgh.

And that was the last I heard from Rob. I really don't know whether he ever raped anyone or not, only that he's not on Death Row and that he wasn't sentenced for rape. In fact, we called back before we went to press, and it turns out that Rob had been paroled on July 5, 1994. Perhaps he'll feel the need to prove himself. Maybe he will go on a "raping spree" after all. He certainly has an active imagination, and he's already an ace at the self-mythology game. What's important is that he wants to be a rapist. And he wants to be **THOUGHT OF** as a rapist. He's already taken the first couple of steps.

But for now, Rob only wanted his fifty bucks and his fifteen minutes. I think he would have said anything to get us to like him. It must be the saddest of all worlds—you wanna be a rapist, but you're only a robber. ■

